

Make Me Feel Better by DoctorpooandtheTURDIS

Series: [Go, Go, Godzilla: After Dark \[1\]](#)

Category: Godzilla: King of The Monsters (2019), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Comfort, Comfort Sex, El is aged up in this, F/M, Human/Titan Relationships, Post-breakup angst, if you came here expecting more monster fights i'm so sorry, not for little kiddos

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Rodan (Kaiju)

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Rodan

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-05-05

Updated: 2021-05-05

Packaged: 2022-04-01 01:13:44

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,739

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

After the disastrous fight with Zilla in New York, and her breakup with Mike, El's feeling a little bit down. Fortunately for her, she has a friend who can help with that. If she can convince him to, that is-

Make Me Feel Better

Author's Note:

I've been wanting to experiment with this frankenstein universe of mine for a while now, so...

If you have questions, I can TRY to answer them.

This takes place AFTER 'Pretender to the Throne' in Series One, so i'd strongly suggest reading that one first... unless you're here because of the horni, i guess.

El sniffled, watching as the Party left on the helicopter, away from Castle Bravo and Monster Island. She didn't *want* to break up with Mike, but... she felt like she had to. If she didn't... things would get steadily worse, not better.

Still... that didn't mean it felt good.

Turning to walk away from the platform, El sought refuge in Monster Island. Godzilla was healing steadily, his wounds having been taken care of by Mothra, and Mothra herself was also on the mend.

She debated which one of them she wanted to seek out. Her brother, the living goddess, or...

Her friend. Rodan. El felt the corner of her mouth tilt up. Rodan always knew what to say... even if he was a bit of a sarcastic ass at times.

And so, she walked to the volcano.

Already, Rodan was inside, lounging patiently. Strangely, the firebird was already in his human form, just sitting there.

"What are you doing?" El asked, addressing Rodan.

Rodan's eyes popped open. "I *was* meditating."

"Oh..." El winced. "Sorry."

"Yeah, yeah." Rodan grumbled, getting to his feet. "What did you want?"

"...can we talk?" El asked. "Friend to friend?"

Rodan frowned, tilting his head. "Sure we can. What is it, sweetheart?"

El thinned her lip, drawing a breath as she felt involuntary tears begin to cascade down her cheeks. "It's Mike... I broke up with him today."

"The Wheeler kid?" Rodan recalled. "Crap, kid, I'm sorry." He guided her over to a stone, gently sitting her down on it. "Tell me what happened."

El nodded, going into the explanation.

An hour later, she was done with it, crying silently as she finished up.

Rodan nodded silently, handing El a cloth to wipe her face with.

"A-And," El hiccupped, gulping, "I didn't *want* to, but Mike is... he needs to get some perspective... but it hurts."

"I know, I know." Rodan murmured gently, rubbing her back. He'd had his heart broken enough times to know exactly what she was feeling. "Don't worry... if he loves you, he'll get it together, and hey-" He gently moved El's head to look up at him. "You're still only a teenager. You still have your entire life ahead of you."

El nodded, drying her tears as she looked at Rodan's face, kind, handsome, and completely focused on helping her.

She remembered another face like that, once... Mike's face, so long ago.

And just as she had when it had been Mike, El found herself pulled in, except this time it was stronger. Rodan carried an aura of... godly beauty, as it were. Orange eyes with irises that were like a nebula, whites like polished porcelain, and an overall handsomeness that simply made him appealing to look at.

Perhaps because of being in emotional turmoil, or maybe from being around a handsome 'human,' El shot forward, capturing his lips with her own.

Rodan reacted quite quickly, spasming in surprise, not quite knowing what to do. After a second, he finally came to grips with himself, and pushed El off, as firmly but as gently as he could.

"El, what the *hell* was that?" Rodan demanded, looking at her sternly.

El went red in the face, beginning to cry again. "I-I'm sorry, I just... I'm sorry!" She wept.

"El, El..." Rodan sighed, looking at her. "I'm not mad, but you can't just... kiss people like that."

"I'm sorry." The teenager repeated, face twisting in anguish. "But I couldn't... you just remind me so much of what he was like..."

Rodan's lips twitched in a sad smile. "You still love him, don't you?"

"I do." El admitted. "But... I can't wait for him to get his stuff together."

"Yeah, yeah..." Rodan nodded in understanding. "Some people never learn... for his sake, I hope he's one of the ones who do."

"...Rodan?" El meekly addressed.

Rodan looked to her, tilting his head. "What is it, sweetheart?"

"I, um..." El bit her lip. "You're my new best friend, you know that, right?"

Rodan grinned. "I'm very happy to hear that."

El nodded self-consciously, seemingly trying to psych herself up for something. “And you’d help me when I need to... feel better?”

Rodan confusedly tilted his head but answered. “Of course. What is it you need?”

“...Will you have sex with me?”

Rodan was immediately frozen, as though he’d been hit over the head with something. A myriad of things immediately went through his mind. First was the instinct of every living thing to want to immediately accept. That, however, was soon dashed by Rodan remembering that he was old enough to be her civilization’s messiah. That too was then pushed out of the way by remembering that Leo the First was *literally* these peoples’ Messiah, so he had nothing to worry about, followed by him remembering that regardless of his actual position of divinity, he was still old as a motherfucker.

After quite some time, Rodan *finally* regained some semblance of operational stability, and decided to respond.

“El...” Rodan sighed, shaking his head. “You can’t just ask a person that.”

El frowned. “Why not? Do... you not like me?”

“No, that’s not-“ Rodan frustratedly grunted. “The act of mating, sex... it should be reserved for someone you *love*, not...” He gestured to himself. “An old bird who’s worn out past his prime.”

El tilted her head, stroking his face, feeling the stubble on it. “You’re not old. You’re aged... but still pretty.”

“El, I’m serious.”

“Please, Rodan.” She begged, putting on the most gut-wrenching pleading look he’d ever seen. “I need... *someone*. I can’t do it with Godzilla, he’s like my brother, and even if he wasn’t, he’s with Maddie. And Mothra...”

“El, we could *both* get in serious trouble for this.” Rodan informed her.

“Please, ‘Dan.” El pleaded. “No one will know unless *we* tell them.”

“...” Rodan sighed. “...yeah, fine.” He murmured. “But-“ He held a finger to her face. “Not a *soul*. Got that?”

El nodded, smiling and nodding.

“All right...” Rodan began to shrug off the clothes that came with this body, letting himself stand nude and bare in his den. With the clothes on, he didn’t look particularly muscular, but out of them, El could see every little bulging muscle from his pectorals to his abs, biceps to foreceps.

As El’s eyes ran over in examination of his body, Rodan found his human-shaped organ stiffening. He felt a small pang of disgust run through him, before it was dashed when he remembered that he’d been worshipped as a god once. This wasn’t the first time he’d had a tango with a human... but maybe it was different because he actually knew her. Actually cared for her.

El approached cautiously, mirroring Rodan’s movements, freeing herself from her clothes.

The two stood in front of each other, laid bare, looking over each other.

“So, how do you want to do this?” Rodan asked.

“Just... make me feel good.” El shrugged awkwardly.

Rodan nodded accommodatingly, picking her up, carrying her in his arms. The moment she gave that inexperienced little shrug, Rodan immediately knew that this was El’s first rodeo. He’d be gentle with her, he’d make sure of that.

Rodan held her up in one arm as his other hand slid down to her crotch. He looked into her eyes, staring deep into her soul. “*The moment* any of this becomes too much, you tell me to stop, got that?”

El nodded, her face tinted pink, as Rodan’s hand began to move.

The humanized kaiju traced his fingers up and down El’s entrance,

trying to get her to moisten up before going any further. His goal was to make *her* feel good, not make himself feel good and hurt her in the process.

El huffed, letting out an almost imperceptible grunt, as Rodan deemed it acceptable to move on.

Lining her up, Rodan kept El held up by her hips, to the point where her feet couldn't even brush against the ground. Keeping an eye on her so he could stop just in case she was too stubborn to stop herself, Rodan pushed in.

"Oooohhhh..." El closed her eyes, twitching as Rodan slid in. She pressed her bare chest to his, wrapping her arms around his big torso, keeping him in an embrace even as he began to move her up and down on his stiff member.

Too long had Rodan been out of practice, he'd almost forgotten what it felt like. But nope, just like riding a bike, as soon as he got back into the thick of it, he knew exactly what he was doing.

Unable to move his hands and arms for fear of dropping El, Rodan pressed his head into the corner of her neck, placing small kisses and small little sucking bites to her skin, eliciting another moan from El.

El, in response, slid her hands up and down his back, tracing the lines in his skin caused by his muscles tightening.

El pulled back from the embrace a small amount, just enough to look into Rodan's eyes. He could see it, the pleasure in her eyes, the wordless thanks with which she gazed at him, and the shining love that was being directed to him.

"Mmm..." El closed her eyes again, thinking of her love. "Yes... Mike..."

Rodan wasn't an idiot, he knew she wasn't thinking of him. It didn't hurt, but it *did* reinforce that he shouldn't have been doing this with her.

Another pump and clap took him away from those thoughts, as El moaned again, this time, the vocalization morphing into a delighted

scream.

El's legs tightened around Rodan's hips as she orgasmed, and the rest of her body followed suit, embracing Rodan.

Rodan, too, finished as well, and feeling the coming shutdown of his muscles, wisely chose to lay down before the fact, letting out a sigh.

"There you go..." Rodan pushed El off him, letting her down at his side. "All done. Better now?"

"Mmm-hmm..." El nodded, pressing into his side. She seemed lost for a way to thank him, before deciding a simple kiss to his cheek would do. "Thank you." She nuzzled up to his side, simply desiring to lay there for the moment. "...why *are* you in human-mode."

"Well, it's not my fault if that's what you're wondering." Rodan answered. "Mothra said I would need it for--"

El tilted her head. "For what?"

"...Oh, son of a *bitch*."